*his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not* Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a teast shall come about: I warrant, and I should liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretie foole it stinted, and said I.*

*Old La.* Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It stinted, and said I.*

*Iuli.* And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

*Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*

*Old La.* Marrie, that marrie is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your disposition to be married?

*Iuliet.* It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teate.*

*Old La.* Well thinke of marriage now, younger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

*Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.*

*Old La.* *Veronas* Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

*Old La.* What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast,
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And



And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And see how one an other lends content:
And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie
That in gold claspes locks in the golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

*Nurse.* No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

*Old La.* Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

*Iuli.* Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

*Ser.* Madam the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

*Mo.* We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie staies.

*Nur.* Go gyrle, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or sixe other Maskers, torchbearers.*

*Romeo.* What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apologie?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

*Rom.* Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,